The Bak'd Bully:

OR, Love in an Oven.

ing a true Relation of a Gentleman that pickt up a Bakers Wife: how she carried him home to her house, a
Entertainment there. To the Tune of, *Jenny come tie my, &c.* With Allowa

Ou Blades of the North,
ts my Story give ear,
you'l find it well worth
our attention to hear:
will advance your renown o're the Bully, & make
ery Hector o'th town, at your vengeance to quake.
Then let the Town Bulleys henceforth have a care,
Of a Bakers revenge, or to deal with his Ware.

e Relation is new,
nd but just come in print,
'l swear it is true
hen you hear what is in't;
aker i'th North who need not be nam'd,
a wife, who for beauty by neighbours was fam'd:
hen let the Town, &c.

oft on the Green
ould be walking for Air,
ere a Lover unseen,
d conceal'd himself near:
urteously made his address, which she took,
aid him again in an amorous look:
let the Town, &c.

He could not attain
any more in that place,
The Walks were so publique
for Lovers imbrace:
He therefore withdrew, and did cast in his mi
A way to enjoy her, whom now he found kind
Then let the Town, &c.

He sends for an Engen,
who long time had made
The debauching of Women,
a prosperous trade:
A Midwife to whom he imparted his end,
And his amorous fate to her conduct commen
Then let the Town, &c.

So well she was vers'd
in the trade she maintain'd,
Her tale she rehears'd,
and a meeting obtain'd:
Her Husband being absent, they both did ag
Their loving encounter i'th Bakehouse sho
Then let the Town Bulleys henceforth have a
Of a Bakers revenge, or to deal with his Ware

Where met, they us'd speed,
no time they would waste,
But quickly agreed,
and the Gallant embrac'd:
But their amorous passion had quickly an end,
For spight and ill fortune the Husband did send:
Then let the Town, &c.

Who knocking in hast,
they uncoupl'd with speed,
And the Youth thus uncas'd,
did a hideing place need:
Need teaches discretion, the Oven they find,
Th'out any digression, suit best with their mind:
Then let the Town, &c.

They us'd no delay,
for he quickly creept in,
Where close down he lay,
and she then shut him in:
Then the Baker being entred, cry'd boy come away,
And thus to his wife he began for to say:
Then let the Town, &c.

Od's me I'm afraid
I have o're slipt my hour,
My Customers staid,
and my Yeast will be sour:
Put fire i'th Oven, i'le quickly despatch,
E're that be well heat, i'le have made up my batch:
Then let the Town, &c.

He threw in a Baven,
well lighted and dry,
E're another he had in,
the Bully did cry:
Well sing'd, and thus frighted, the Lover did crawl,
From out of the Oven, and down he did fall:
Then let the Town, &c.

The Baker inraged
at what he had spy'd,
With passion engaged,
and threw fear aside:
He took up a Cudgel and laid on such blows,
He made him run out without money or cloaths:
Then let the Town Bulleys henceforth have a care,
Of a Bakers Revenge, or to deal with his Ware.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden Ball, near the Hospital-gate, in *West-smith-field*.